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The Sketch

No. 1201—Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



THE GRAND-DAUGHTER OF A GREAT NOBLEMAN: LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MARCH.

Lady Doris Hilda Gordon-Lennox is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of March, and a grand-daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Lady Doris was born in 1896, and has a sister, Lady Amy Gwendoline, who was born in

1894. Their mother, the Countess of March, was, before her marriage, Miss Hilda Brassey, daughter of the late Mr. Henry A. Brassey, of Preston Hall, Aylesford, who was a brother of Earl Brassey.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

THE WEDDING OF THE MOMENT: THE MARRIAGE OF THE



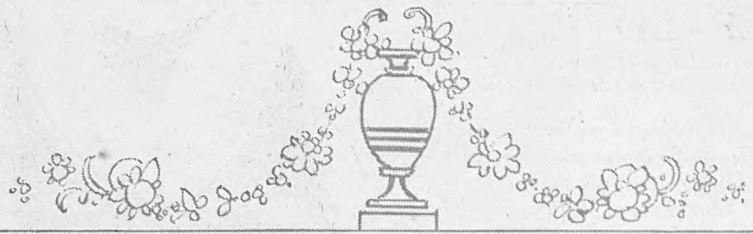
1. BRIDESMAIDS LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S: LADY DIANA MANNERS (RIGHT); AND MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH.

2. A WEDDING-GROUP: BRIDESMAIDS, TRAIN-BEARER, MISS ASQUITH, MISS VIOLET WARRENDER, MISS MANNERS (TO RIGHT) THE HON. STEPHEN

The marriage of the Marquess of Granby, heir to the Dukedom of Rutland, to Miss Kathleen Tennant, youngest daughter of Mr. Frank Tennant, brother of Lord Glenconner, and Mrs. Tennant, of Innes House, Morayshire, filled St. Margaret's, on Friday last, with a singularly interesting as well as fashionable congregation. The social and political friends of the families of both bride and bridegroom are as the sands of the sea, and the church was crowded with well-known people. The bride wore a lovely Venetian gown of white satin with a train of gold brocade and a mantlet of old Venetian lace. The bridesmaids' dresses were designed

Photograph No. 1 by L.N.A.; No.

IMARQUESS OF GRANBY AND MISS KATHLEEN TENNANT.



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: (BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT) LYTTTELTON, LADY DIANA MANNERS; (FRONT ROW, LEFT) TENNANT, THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

3. LEAVING THE CHURCH: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM; AND THE HON. STEPHEN TENNANT, TRAIN-BEARER.

by Lady Diana Manners, herself one of the group of four, another being Miss Elizabeth Asquith. The Hon. Stephen Tennant, Lady Glenconner's nine-year-old son, was the page. Captain Charles Lindsay, Grenadier Guards, acted as best man. The Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour were among the early arrivals. The Duchess of Rutland wore gold charmeuse, Mrs. Asquith was in black charmeuse, Mrs. Tennant in black-and-white embroidered taffetas, and Lady Randolph Churchill in black velvet. A small reception was held at Lady Glenconner's house in Queen Anne's Gate, and the bride and bridegroom left for Belvoir Castle, for the honeymoon.

PHRYNETTE'S. LETTERS.

CALF-LOVE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

ONE of "yous," writing about a past article of mine, wonders that women should sacrifice the strawberries-and-cream of their complexion under fresh-butter-colour powder, however fresh the butter! Well, but they do, some of them; ask Her, rather. And, what is more, the really fashionable woman has had her undies to match; yes, in pale maize pongee scalloped with white. Personally, I prefer pink crêpe; but then, I don't go in for genteel jaundice, see! And, apropos of complexion the other day we—I—that is, I and somebody else (I dare not any more name anybody now, because you seem so to dislike him! I can't understand why!) Well, then, we were sitting in the Palm Court of a big hotel at tea-time, and looking around us—not all the time, of course; and the Somebody Else said: "Is it that I am no longer accustomed to complexions? It seems to me you are more made up than before." I jumped indignantly. "I mean, you women," he palliated. And, you know, he was right. It is not altogether our fault, nor is it entirely yours, though it is because of "yous." You see, the War is telling on us more than the gayest, fullest, maddest season ever used to do. Oh, we smile on sweetly and persistently, but it is the sort of smile that leaves a little crease on each side of the mouth when we unstuck it at night; and I have seen flappers with a pretty, resolute frown that will leave lines on their forehead unless they are careful. And Beauty Doctors are having the time of our life! You see, we must keep fair and fit, and face-massage and creams are aided by clever little stratagems. Am I giving away a secret if I tell that the very short veil, or, rather, the hanging vizard of tulle that adorns the new spring hats is meant to idealise tired eyes? I do not know whether it is the find of some psychologist milliner, or due to some fashionable woman who had read too often letters scribbled from the Front, or wept over them till her eyes ached; but the result is a stroke of genius. You see the gleam of the eyes through the soft shadow of the veil; but the redness of the eyelids and the lace-work of fine lines Care may have drawn at the corner of the eyes—all that is hidden. It is the Turkish fashion, only reversed, and the veiled eyes enhance the oval of the face, and the scarlet and white of the smile. And as I was admiring the wit of Woman, the Illusionist, I wondered whether "yous" would be grateful to Her were you to perceive that your vigil in the trenches, or on the deck of a war-ship, had made her eyes worn and weak? On the whole, I think she is wise in not letting you know.

And, speaking of fashion, d'you know the newest way, for us,

of wearing the badge of your regiment? No, I don't suppose you can know, or guess, and you are certainly not expected to find out for yourselves. Well, then, I'll tell you—as a garter-buckle on the right leg. The garter, only one, and preferably of black velvet, looks rather smart, worn with light stockings and a light-coloured frock. The buckle is carried out—according to the

"She was praying for the future happiness of a new ménage, and counting the frills of the bridesmaids' frocks the while."



"I prefer pink crêpe."

TO LONELY. SOLDIERS.

Especially the thistle, I think, *qui s'y frotte s'y pique*. Of course, so much splendour is not always seen—but, well, one knows it is there!

It is not only Beauty Doctors who are flourishing just now. Photographers are reaping fortunes. You see, now that "yous" are away, well, photographs make the heart grow fonder. And the artist who can picture the fair-headed English girl like a little saint, with her hair light and shining, aureole-like, round her pretty head, has many more sitters than he can attend to.

Have been to a lot of weddings lately. Every-one (every-two, I should say) seems to be rushing to the—how do you spell it, altar or halter? What will it be in the spring? I can't think! You have heard of the man who, arriving home unexpectedly on leave, directly he reached Southampton telephoned to his fiancée and asked her if she would. On her saying, "Rather!" or a synonymous but more dignified word, he procured a special license, and the whole thing was over in four days' leave! It's no longer wait and wed—but wed and wait, what! But, as Lady Vertugadin was whispering to me in the pew the other morning as she was praying for the future happiness of a new ménage, and counting the frills of the bridesmaids' frocks the while, "The person who likes to receive something in exchange for something" (I believe there are some such!) "is finding out that wedding presents are a rather poor investment, nowadays. For one gets less and less in return for one's presents to brides. First the wedding-breakfast was banished, and a light collation took its place, given

after the reception; the latest news is that even light refreshments are no longer to be offered to guests. They are allowed to send their salt-cellar, or cigarette-boxes, or whatever somebody else has already sent in scores, go to church, sob if they choose over the ceremony (the bridegroom may have been quite a catch, don't you know), and then go home and feed at their own table with their own people. *Ghastly!*" And Lady Vertugadin, having finished praying, sat with a sigh on the small little gentleman next to her. He was not even a relation of the bride. Rather hard on one, when the responsibility for mismanagement is not on one's shoulders, to have a big, fat, cross lady landed on one's lap!



"They did not look exactly enthusiastic over their meeting."

Yet some more jealous ones among "yous" asking who Bob is! *Mon Dieu!* but you are not going to fight him in a duel, are you? I should have thought you had enough scope for your bellicose instinct just now, what! When you write to me your adventures of war and sentiment, I am always interested, but never jealous! Besides, let me tell you at once that Bob has already a very fierce "fiancée" (I am using the word as you use it in English), and also a wife. He is merely anticipating that post-bellum law, I suppose. And he is very fond of them both. He is in love with his wife, but merely "infatuated" with his fiancée, which makes everything all right, according to English ethics, is it not? for you call affection "love" when it is legal, and "infatuation" when it is illegal? If I am mistaken, please put me right; for I am only a foreigner eager to learn; and I can't very well ask Aunt Barbara, can I?



ingenuity of the goldsmith and the generosity of the giver—in diamonds and platinum, or on less magnificent scale. The Canadian maple-leaf or the Scotch thistle are particularly amusing thus used.

An open-hearted, sentimental Lieutenant, billeted in a little village, relates to me how love is fed on imagination. It seems that in that little village there is only one street, and in that street only one shop of each sort; and in the whole village, in the whole street, in the whole shops, there's only one girl who can be said to be good-looking. And she reigns—of all places—in the butcher shop!

Fate is often unkind. Had she been the tobacconist, the news-vendor, the perfumer, or even the bootmaker, the billeted *beaux* in khaki might have had some opportunities for repeated calls at the shop. But at the butcher's shop, you can't have a chat without a chop, and I suppose you can't stay very long nor stare too sweetly without having to buy at least a whole side of beef! However, the shop of Mlle. Madeleine was always full. It seems every one of the officers billeted in the street of Somewhere was a violent anti-vegetarian! And those who dared not be seen carrying shoulders of lamb, on theirs, or hugging *gigots* wrapped in yellow paper, used to come and buy "scraps" for their dogs—and the dogs of that battalion were very voracious beasts! My friend the Sub, anyway, had a Gargantuan dog, while the Colonel had a gee-gee with a bad knee, and it seems that that bad knee had to be rubbed several times a day with a certain fat bought from Mlle. Madeleine's shop. No, the Colonel did not trust the intelligence of his orderly. He used to come himself every few hours (so as to get fresher fat, no doubt!) And the Colonel, for love of his gee-gee, and the Sub for love of his dog, and both for the love of the butcher-girl, often met in the butcher-shop. They did not look exactly enthusiastic over their meeting.

Said the Colonel to the Sub one day: "I wonder that an artist-chap like you (a painter-chap to be exact) does not shiver at the sight of a girl, however pretty she may be, holding a calf's liver in her hand!" "Ah, Sir," said the Sub to the Colonel, "that's the privilege of the artist, to embellish Nature. To me, that calf's liver in her pretty hands looks like a bunch of roses." Yes, he must be an Impressionist painter!

We went to see "The Basker" the other evening. Quite amusing. I suppose you know about the play, so I won't tell you of it, but I wonder whether anyone has noticed that there are seven men and seven women in it, and whether anyone has guessed the reason why? It is because Mrs. Clifford Mills, the clever playwright, is not above having faith in luck. Superstition is quite fashionable just now—and she believes that "7" is her lucky number. Why, that was also Blue Beard's lucky number. We have often cast stones at him for a dissolute, heartless wretch; but perhaps collecting wives was merely a superstitious hubby's hobby, what? He had hopes in the eighth!

The other day I was almost run over in Knightsbridge by a young thing in a car. I don't object to being almost run over when there is Somebody to rescue me, but that day I was alone, and I had parcels, a book for one of "yous," and a box of cigarettes for another "you." The young thing in the car stopped it, and a piping voice said it hoped it had not frightened me. "Are you a little boy or a little girl?" I asked. She wore a leather coat, hat, knee-breeches, and leggings, and when she removed her hat and showed her fair plaits, she looked the most fascinating flapper you ever

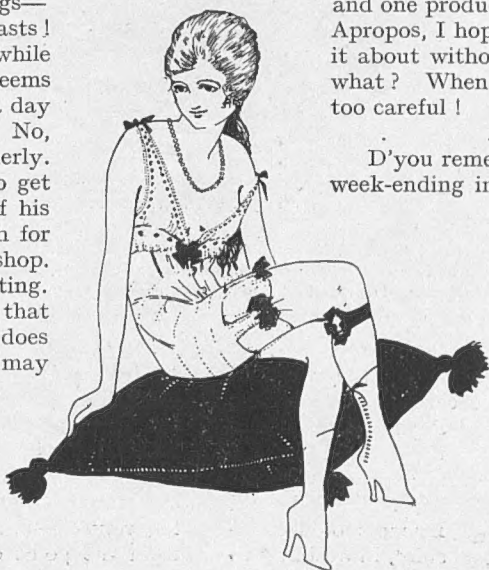


"Every-one (every-two, I should say) spell it, altar

seems to be rushing to the—how do you or halter?"

It seems that particular odd copy just strayed there. Well, but Wherever is There? I thought *The Sketch* went everywhere. Is there no post, either? Your letter was so charming that I'll send you this copy myself, and trust to luck and the Post Office!

Many thanks to the linguistic Captain D., who promises to send me "The Dump." What is it—a pet puppy, or a volume of verses? I beg your pardon; as I read on I now see it is the Christmas Annual of the—Division and "somewhat of a curiosity as it may be the only and one production." I am expecting it with impatience. Apropos, I hope it is—er—quotable, and that I may leave it about without fearing for the morals of Aunt Barbara, what? When one is bringing up one's Aunt, one can't be too careful!



D'you remember when, in the pre-War days, you went week-ending in the then gay Paris and spent your evenings, *not* in Montmartre, of course, *nor* at the open-air Ambassadors'! but at La Comédie Française, wherein you heard Molière's hero exclaim that a woman knows quite enough—

Quand la capacité de son esprit se hausse
A connaître un pourpoint d'avec un haut-
de-chausse.

(It is quite proper, you need not rush to your dictionary; it is a classical quotation.)

Well, poor old musty Molière, it would teach him a few things if he could call on some of my girl friends with me. I dropped in at Arab's yesterday. Her name is Arabella, but Arab suits ever so much better her *gavroche's* face, her abrupt manners, her slang, and her hair, which she persists in clipping when everybody else, now, is letting it grow! I found her in the garden, standing in a little pool of mud in a long smock of russet silk, leggings to match, and clasping a tiny, cylindric spade with a short handle.

"Raising roses?" I asked.

"Roses!" said Arab disdainfully, and pointing with a terra-cotta-crusted index to little slips of parchment growing out of the brown puddle, "Roses, indeed!" "Behold, *Valeriana Officinalis*, *foeniculum Capallaceum*, *Atropa Belladonna*, *papaver somniferum*, and *manymorumerrata* . . ."

"Really!" I gasped and tried to look as if I understood.

"I'm only experimenting" (and she looked it), said Arab, modestly triumphant; "but if I

can raise this crop all right, I'll start a huge herb-farm somewhere."

"And then?"

"And then—"

Arab waved her muddy little paws magnificently over the slips of parchment that looked sick with too much Latin, "then I shall be one of the women pioneer Apothecaries!"

Woman, wonderful woman!



"But perhaps collecting wives was merely a superstitious hubby's hobby, what?"

SMALL TALK

M^{R.} ASQUITH gave books to the Granby couple, a volume of poetry came from Mrs. Herbert Johnson, and an old manuscript from Captain Charles Lindsay. The book of the wedding, speaking literally, came, however, from the bride's mother, who bound a copy of the Marriage Service in coloured silks and seed-pearls. Mrs. Tennant went to the British Museum for her model, and, after the fashion of the nuns of Little Gidding in George Herbert's time, embroidered the covers with her own hand. Lady Anglesey, a thoughtful sister, gave a cheque; and some kind friend and guide saved the villagers at Rowsley and elsewhere from wasting their money on modern silver-gilt tea-pots. They offered antiques, and quite nice ones.

A Yeoman. Sir John Henniker Heaton, a Yeomanry officer in the Welsh Horse, has been promoted lieutenant. He will go much farther than that if he wants to, for he inherits a good deal of the smiling and genial, but nevertheless genuine, fighting spirit that made his father a holy terror, as well as a friend, to a whole line of Postmasters-General. Sir John has sisters who bring the same sort of persistency to the duty of being charming as the lieutenant is bringing to the hard work of a Yeoman.

Unobtrusive Majorities. Another Yeomanry officer is Lord Hartington, who comes of age in May. He will be allowed, on the strength of the war, to escape the usual celebrations, which in more



A WELL-KNOWN IRISH SPORTSWOMAN ENGAGED:
MISS JOCELYN WIDGER.

Miss Widger is the daughter of Mr. Joseph Widger, of Albion House, Tramore, the popular Master of the East Waterford Hunt, and is one of the keenest hunting ladies in Ireland, and a regular follower of her father's pack. Her engagement to Mr. Andrew Nolan, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Nolan, of Annville, Waterford, has just been announced.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

careless and reckless days were sometimes held in the absence of a truant hero. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, in deciding to let the occasion slide, follow the example of the Duke of Buccleuch, whose son and heir came of age without anybody being much the wiser (unless the step from official infancy counts for something special among Duke's sons) five or six weeks ago. Lord Hartington is now acting on the Staff.

Whisky and Ptarmigan.

Lady Edina Ainsworth, one of the busiest of nurses in Ireland, is Lord Conyngham's sister, and among other things is seeing to it that her patients get plenty of game. Which reminds me: When George IV. visited Edinburgh, Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, was at a loss to

and with the true contraband *goût*, and sent it up to Holyrood along with fifty brace of ptarmigan. Afterwards, thanks to a timely reminder from Lord Conyngham, the fortunes of the Grants were secured by an Indian Judgeship.

Lord Essex's Accident.

Lord Essex was not much hurt by his collision with a taxi in Belgrave Square. "A few scratches," he calls his injuries; but for a pedestrian of over fifty a rough-and-tumble encounter with a cab is far from pleasant—the tumble, of course, being quite one-sided. The accident goes to show that even the practised Londoner is not safe on a dark night: Lord Essex knows Belgravia as well as he knows Mayfair, where some years ago he and his wife were fortunate enough to secure a tenancy of Bourdon House.

A Fiver.

To an American, like Lady Essex, there is hardly a dwelling in London to compare with Bourdon House, with its old brick walls, hidden garden, general air of indifference to the hard-and-fast rules of town architecture, and a front door hardly higher than Lady Essex herself. She was one of the tallest of the "famous five" who attended the Queen at the Coronation.

Tablet Manners.

No. 11, Carlton House Terrace is in the market. Lady Ardilaun wants to sell, at a price, and should have no difficulty in doing so. Her lease, which was left her by her husband, is direct from the Crown, and I believe she offers immediate possession to the buyer. For nineteen years No. 11 was the dwelling-place of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone—described by the "G.O.M." as "the poorest couple in the Terrace"; and when Lord Ardilaun took possession he was asked if he would allow the erection of a tablet commemorating Gladstone's association with the house. He refused—churlishly, as some thought, but reasonably enough from the point of view of a citizen who wants his residence to be like others in the row, and be inconspicuous! Lord Ardilaun's point, too, was that there was no real hurry about the tablet. Fifty



AN INTERESTING SNAPSHOT FROM IRELAND: LIEUT. THE HON. KENNETH MACKAY AND MRS. MACKAY. Lieutenant the Hon. Kenneth Mackay, 12th Lancers, is the only son of Lord and Lady Inchcape, and was married last year to Miss Joan Moriarty, daughter of the late Right Hon. John Francis Moriarty, Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford].

supply the only acceptable whisky—a pure Glenlivet. He sent to the Grants of Rothiemurchus for it. Somewhat reluctantly, they drew from their best bin a sufficiency of a whisky mild as milk



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: MISS CONSTANCE GAUNT—MR. WALTER GORDON BULTEEL, COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Miss Gaunt is the daughter of the late Mr. Edwin Gaunt and of Mrs. Gaunt, 99, Barkston Gardens S.W., and is at present nursing at the Weir Hospital, Balham. She is an active worker for the Red Cross. Mr. Bulteel, who is in the Coldstream Guards, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bulteel, of Charlestown, Cornwall.

Photographs by Swaine.

years after Gladstone's death would be quite time enough; by then personal prejudices would have given place to the purely historic significance of Gladstone's career.

Ethel Smyth.

The production of Miss Ethel Smyth's opera was the event of the week in the world of music and theatres. Personal as well as musical considerations lent interest to the occasion. Miss Ethel Smyth has the touch that makes a piano shake to a great tune, and the enthusiasm that carries through anything from a Suffrage revolt to a comic opera. Sargent revealed her character for ever when he caught and drew her in the act of singing the "Marseillaise." That was some years ago; now she swears by "Tipperary" as a great song, and almost makes one think so, too, when she hammers it out on her piano.

BUDDING CHANCELLORS? THE McKENNA BOYS.



With War Chest? Masters David and Michael McKenna.

Of topical interest, for the war enmeshes in its net both young and old, this pretty portrait of the sons of the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna and Mrs. McKenna suggests, in a way, the great financial responsibilities of their distinguished father, for, it may be noticed, they are toying with what might be a miniature War-Chest! These little sons of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, happily for them, know nothing of the cares which must attend a Minister of Finance burdened with a war responsibility of millions

of pounds a day, and they can play with light hearts. It was a seventeenth-century satirist who asked: "What is worth in anything, But so much money as 'twill bring?" but such considerations are not for boys of four or five. Mrs. McKenna, the mother of Masters David and Michael, was, before her marriage in 1908, Miss Pamela Jekyll, daughter of Colonel Sir Herbert Jekyll, K.C.M.G., and is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

Flattering the Journalists.

No profession in the world, I suppose, has so many compliments persistently paid to it as the profession of journalism. I have heard some of the most eminent people in England pronounce after-dinner eulogies on the perfections of the Press, and I have seen the journalists present (there were always a great many present on these occasions) endeavour to conceal their blushes by the peculiar trick—much favoured by journalists—of thrusting their tongues into their cheeks.

And now I read of yet another compliment—and a very great compliment—bestowed on the profession of journalism. It seems that the editorial staffs of daily newspapers are "not to be accepted for immediate enlistment or called up for service with the Colours except after consultation with one of the federations of newspaper proprietors."

This is really very handsome of the Government. It fulfils to a nicety the Christian precept of turning the other cheek. The Government, being composed of human beings, cannot really enjoy smacks in the face. One might have expected the Government to raise the age-limit in the case of the staffs of daily newspapers, and to issue instructions to the recruiting people to see that no leader-writer or military expert escaped their net. But, no! Journalists are put on the same footing as war-workers! A compliment indeed!

However, there is one tiny fly in the ointment. The same privilege is to apply to asylum attendants.

Fashionable Economy.

Under the heading, "Finance After the War," a banker contributes some excellent advice to readers of the *Evening Standard*. "Men," he says, "who have been in the habit of spending ten thousand a year must limit themselves to five; men who have been accustomed to spending five thousand must be satisfied with three."

This sounds excellent, but I should like to ask "Banker" what will become of the five thousand saved by the first man, and of the two thousand saved by the second man? If they hoard this money, they will be better off after the War. Admitted. But do we want them to be so well off after the War? I foresee a horrid outburst of display on the part of these thrifty ones. They will demand costly raiment, and get it. They will insist on magnificent banquets, and get them. Up will go the prices of motor-cars, and theatre-tickets, and hotel apartments, and cigars. Everybody who caters for luxury-lovers will be after the people who have been saving during the war. And they will catch them on the bounce of reaction.

Safer Ground.

"Banker" is on safer ground, in my opinion, when he deals with the ordinary class of individual—ordinary, that is to say, so far as worldly means are concerned.

"There are, unfortunately, many," he writes, "who have been compelled to economise whether they wish it or no, but even here there is to be definitely silenced once and for all the loud and dictatorial voice of Mrs. Grundy, who settles whether her neighbour should wear a coat cut one way or cut another, keep two servants or one, have a beautified garden or use it for growing vegetables."

This is perfectly sound. I have observed, not altogether with astonishment, that certain women—this sort of thing shows more

in women—take a delight in the fact that they have not been hit so hard by the War as their neighbours. If Mrs. Brown, on the one side, goes out in last winter's coat, and Mrs. Jones, on the other side, has not had a new hat for three months, that is a splendid chance for Mrs. Robinson, whose husband is making money out of the war. So Mrs. Robinson hurries into these garments, sails out into the street, and cries aloud to all whom it may concern, "See how well *we're* doing! We don't have to economise on account of the War!"

Temporary Ladies.

We have heard a good deal of temporary gentlemen; I should describe Mrs. Robinson—the Mrs. Robinson of my picture, not the good, kind, sweet, gentle, modest, unassuming Mrs. Robinson who lives next-door to you, friend the reader—as a temporary lady. If Mrs. Robinson refrained from such vulgarities during the War, she might legitimately expect a new fur coat and half-a-dozen new hats after the War. Nobody could complain of that. But Mrs. Robinson cannot wait. She must spend her money now, oblivious of the fact that any sort of sudden display during such

times as these is in the worst possible taste. When the War is over, and Mrs. Brown gets the new coat for which she has waited so patiently, and Mrs. Jones is rewarded for her self-denial with a new hat, where will Mrs. Robinson be? Her husband's sudden spurt will cease; Mrs. Robinson will no longer have what seemed an unlimited amount of cash; and I am afraid that Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones will not be tremendously anxious to know her.

It comes, then, to this. The rich should go on spending, and the moderately well-to-do should economise. As for the "working classes," who are said to be scattering their money in all directions, I don't know that they are so much to blame.

You can't eat your cake and have it, but it is something to have eaten it, after all.

German Supremacy?

Tosh! I saw a very beautiful and a very extraordinary sight the other day. I saw one of our young flying-men loop the loop five or six times in succession. This was not at Brooklands or at Hendon. I saw Pégoud loop the loop at Brooklands when he was the only man in the world who knew how to do it. There was a huge crowd present, and people had paid considerable sums for admission to the inner enclosure. There were cheers and shouts and hand-shakings! Quite rightly, too, for Pégoud was a brave fellow and a pioneer.

But this young fellow had no cheers or shouts or hand-shakings. There was no gallery to play to—just a few casual pedestrians in the roadway, most of whom had no idea of what was really happening. He just went up—not so very high—did these beautiful loops, and sailed back to his hangar. He was a member of the Royal Flying Corps at practice.

Such mastery of the machine as that is not to be overlooked, least of all by the Germans. It proves that the Englishman can handle an aeroplane just as well as he can handle a small boat or a battle-ship. There is no better sailor in the world than the Englishman, and I doubt very much if there is, or is going to be, any better flying-man.



GOING BY TRAM INSTEAD OF CAR—AS A WAR-ECONOMY: LADY MABEL SMITH,
A SISTER OF EARL FITZWILLIAM.

Lady Mabel Smith has put her motor-car aside for the duration of the war and has taken to tram-travelling instead. She is the second of Earl Fitzwilliam's three sisters, who were raised to the rank of Earl's daughters in 1902, when their brother succeeded to the title. Her marriage to Mr. William Mackenzie Smith took place in 1899.—[Photo. Topical.]

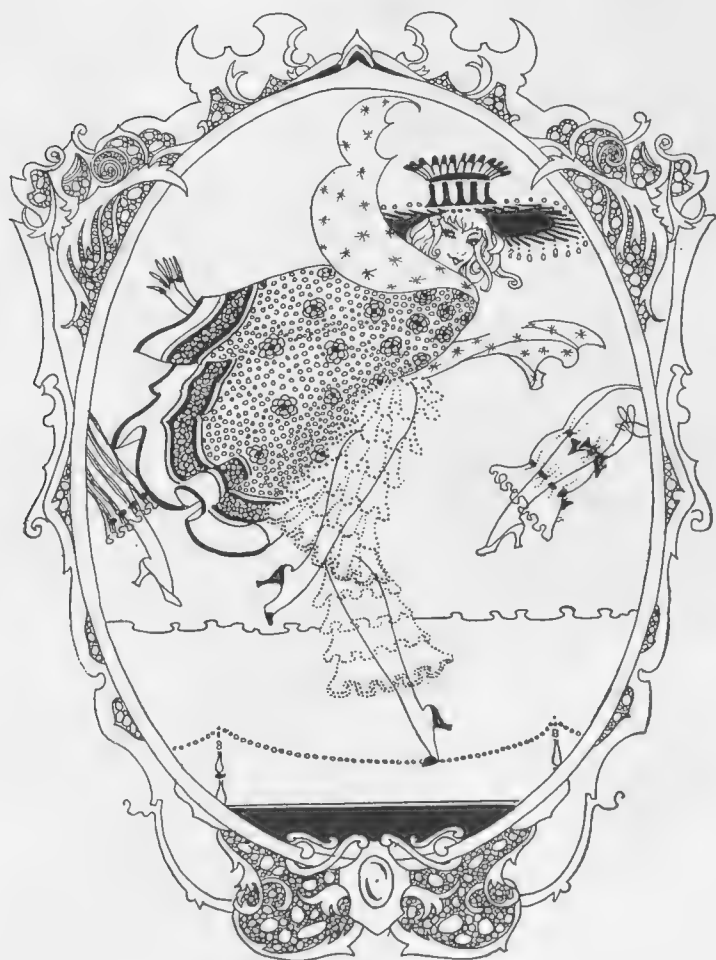
MORALS OF MACKENZIE: CONCERNING PANTALETTES.



Pantalettes, - very démodées



Pantalettes, - à la mode



*Pantalettes, - Pantomime or
Revue Style.*



*Pantalettes, - As they should be -
(à la militaire).*



THE CLUBMAN

LONDONERS AND THE ZEPPELIN SCARE: THE VALUE OF MUSIC AT THE FRONT.

Closing the Museums.

Directly I heard that the British Museum was about to be closed I felt a violent desire to go there. I have not been into any museum since the commencement of the war, for I have had no time for such jaunts, and I do not suppose that, if the museums had been closed without any warning being given, I should have found out that they were shut until the war was ended. Sunday is the day on which I have been accustomed to spend an occasional hour in the Wallace Gallery or the Victoria and Albert Museum, and I have no doubt that the British working men and their wives and their sweethearts, and the clerks and their women folk whom I have seen in these museums on Sundays will feel the closing of the museums more than any other Londoners will.

Cellars and Sand-Bags.

If it is a choice between safe-guarding the great treasures of the nation by storing away pictures in bomb-proof cellars and of putting sand-bags around beautiful statues, I and everybody else in London would far sooner forego our Sunday hours of culture than run the risk of waking up some morning to hear that a bomb or two had been dropped on the British Museum or the National Gallery and had done irreparable damage to Grecian marble or to a Van Dyck masterpiece. If it is only a matter of petty economy in saving the wages of guardians, then I think that Clubland and the man in the street would be justified in raising a protest, even if they have no time nowadays to look at pictures of the great masters or the statues of Phidias.

The Zeppelin Season.

Of course, the Germans will believe that the closing of our museums is one of the signs of the pitiable state of fright that they think the British public is in concerning the threatened Zeppelin raid. I have talked during the week with a Dane who has just returned from Germany, and he told me that one of the principal subjects of conversation in Germany at the present time is of the great air raid that Count Zeppelin has promised to launch against England. "K" bread and fat-less meat do not taste half so disagreeably to a German family when they can chat during the meal about the burning of London and its inhabitants frizzling by thousands in their flaming houses. The Dane said that when he declared that all the British he knew were not in the least afraid of the coming of the Zeppelins, he was scoffed at and told that the British hid their feelings from him because he was a foreigner. The fact is that the Dane testified of that which he knew, while the Germans gave expression to that which they hoped.

The Coldstreamers' Band.

Captain J. Mackenzie Rogan has taken over to France the splendid band of the Coldstream Guards, of which he is the band-master, to make music for the men in billets behind the front and for the wounded men in the hospitals. Captain Rogan has completed fifty years of continuous service in the Army, and I doubt whether there is another soldier at present serving who can show such a record. I remember Lord Roberts, after a concert of military music conducted by Captain Rogan, telling the audience that he had known Captain

Rogan when he was a drummer-boy; and Captain Rogan, in replying, told us some incidents in his career.

The Stick-Wagger.

Captain Rogan—who, by the way, is a Doctor of Music as well as a Captain in the Army—was not always a Guardsman, for he saw service in Burma as the bandmaster of a crack regiment of the line. Campaigning in Burma is never easy work, for the climate is desperately hot and damp, and the mud of rice-fields is difficult stuff to march through. His band used to play to the men in camp, and it livened them up wonderfully. When the Burmese were beaten and the negotiations for peace were in progress, some of the Bohs (the native chiefs) came into camp and were entertained with a selection of music by the regimental band. Asked what they thought of it, the Burmese chieftains replied that they considered the music of the band excellent, but that they could not understand why a man stood and wagged a stick at the musicians. No doubt, the Burman of to-day knows all about music and the duties of a conductor, but all this occurred in the days of Thebau, which is quite a long while ago.

Official Recognition.

The going to France of the Coldstream band means the official recognition of the usefulness of music at the front. The regiments in the first brigades and divisions to go out to France did not take the instruments of the bands with them, for it was supposed that the bandsmen would have quite enough to carry as stretcher-bearers. But the Commander of one division thought that it would be a good thing for his regiments to be cheered by the music of their bands

when they got to France; and when, before the division left England, the King and Lord Kitchener spent a day in inspecting it, they were both surprised, as they went down the line, to hear "God Save the King" played by the band of each regiment. Lord Kitchener, for a moment or two, was stern; but the General gave his explanation, his Majesty laughed, and Lord Kitchener, becoming less stern, gave the necessary permission for the band instruments to be taken over to France.



MARRIED TO MISS KATHLEEN TENNANT: LIEUTENANT THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY.

We give a new, artistic, and especially interesting portrait of the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, who was married on Thursday last to Miss Kathleen Tennant. Lord Granby, who was born in 1886, was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He is an Hon. Attaché in the Diplomatic Service, a Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion, Leicestershire Regiment, and an A.D.C. to the General Officer Commanding North Midland Division.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

A "LIGHT" OF THE STAGE: AN AMBASSADORS' MATCH.



AS DEVISED BY "THE SKETCH": THE BIRDIE COURTENAY CIGARETTE-BOX—NOT FOR SALE.

London is so essentially a cosmopolitan city that the success of that vivacious production, "More," at the Ambassadors' Theatre, was assured from the first, and, by the introduction from time to time of new ideas, the sense of endless variety and constant change supplies just the pleasant stimulus so desirable and so desired by

playgoers in these days of anxiety. And there are plenty of charming performers, pretty costumes, and quaint notions. Our portrait is that of Miss Birdie Courtenay, who looks very *chic* and charming as a "Match," and we have given her pretty photograph the appropriate setting of a cigarette-box.

Photograph of Miss Birdie Courtenay, as a Match, by E. O. Hoppé; Setting by "The Sketch."



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

MRS. JACK LESLIE is no more: she has become Lady Leslie on her husband's succession to the baronetcy. Born Leonie Jerome in New York, her earliest years were spent among olive-groves on the Mediterranean; but she was back in America, still a very little girl, in time to take sides, with songs and flag-flying, in the American Civil War. Having returned to Europe for a Parisian schooling, she got out of Paris just before the siege. Her first parties were at Compiègne, and she remembers the Empress Eugénie in her grandeur. At a lottery arranged by Napoleon III. she drew, to the envy of her sister, now Lady Randolph Churchill, an inkstand shaped like a knotted handkerchief and filled with napoleons. "Mademoiselle, n'oubliez pas les Napoléons," remarked the Emperor.

The Englishman. For some years Lady Leslie has, like Lady Randolph, been English through and through. The Marble Arch region, where the Leslie town house is situated, is the centre of her world; and though she still visits America, her patriotism is single-hearted and heroic. One son fell early in the war; and another, Shane, has been doing the most trying class of ambulance work, first in the trenches in France, and afterwards in the Dardanelles. Shane Leslie has an American wife as well as an American mother, and on his father's side is Irish. Is all that why he is so essentially an Englishman?

Some Masks and Lord Beresford. Lady Randolph has often told tales of old times with her sister. There is the story of a masked ball at Holland House. "My sister had been walking in the garden with young Lord —, who was much run after by designing mothers. Introducing him to me, she pretended I was her mother. Later in the evening I attacked him, declaring that my daughter had just confided to me that he had proposed and she accepted. To this day I can see his face of bewilderment. Vehemently he assured me that it was not so, but I kept up the farce, saying that I considered him as engaged to my charming girl. He left the house a miserable man." It was a jest of the true Jerome kind. Most Englishwomen, on the other hand, are dreadfully unenterprising when they don the mask. "You don't know me — you don't know me!" was the parrot cry of one. "And I don't want to," answered Lord Beresford, fleeing from her, "if that's all you've got to say."



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT
WALTER B. CHAMBERLAIN:
MISS INA GIBBES.

Miss Ina Gibbs is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham J. Gibbs, of South Lodge, Sunningdale, Berks. Lieutenant Chamberlain, Queen's Own Westchester Hussars, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Chamberlain, of Cobham, Surrey.

Photograph by Swaine.

ing, royal and otherwise. Some years ago, while planning a visit to Bayreuth, she arranged a series of lectures on the "Ring," engaging a well-known German critic whose English was supposed to be just equal to the

occasion. He was, says Lady Randolph, greatly exercised in explaining portions of the story to his feminine audience. "Dee-ladies mus not mind dis bad bisness of Sigmund and Sieglinde; it is *schrecklich*, but it is only zee lofs of zee gods, vich do not count. Und here we have zee lofe motif illustrated by triolets, or triplets, as you say in English." That was in the days when we could laugh at German professors.



DAUGHTERS OF THE MASTER OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD:
MISS ANNE AND MISS VICTORIA BRIDGET KEPPEL.

The two young ladies whose portraits we give are the daughters of the Hon. Sir Derek William George Keppel, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., C.I.E., K.G.C., Master of the Household of His Majesty, and brother of the Earl of Albemarle. Lady Keppel was the Hon. Bridget Harbord, daughter of the fifth Baron Suffield.

Photograph by Vandyk.

that Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton would probably attend was enough to put the whole Guards' Chapel congregation on the *qui vive*. Captain Rhodes is both a Guardsman and a New Zealander—and if there is a more gallant title than that last, excuse me!



TO MARRY MAJOR GALLOWAY, D.S.O.:
MISS EILEEN REED.

Miss Reed is the daughter of Mr. E. T. Reed, the well-known artist, and of Mrs. Reed, 39, Kensington Park Gardens, and is a grand-daughter of the late Sir E. J. Reed, K.C.B., F.R.S., M.P., and of Lady Reed, now of Spring Vale House, Isle of Wight. Major Galloway, D.S.O., Royal Artillery, is the eldest son of Colonel Galloway, R.A., and of Mrs. Galloway, of Norwood House, Leamington.—[Photo. by Thomson.]

You're Another! The Plunkets, a family given to the use of names that are rare and strange, found their match in last week's bridegroom. Miss Helen Plunket is now Mrs. Tahu Rhodes. Her brother Kiwa, a small boy who can fall back upon Denis when he is his own master, was page for the occasion. And there were other names noised in the porch of the Guards' Chapel. Captain Kervis Lloyd was best man; and Tuam, somebody said, sounded like a repartee to Tahu, though really it was nothing but the innocent title of a bishop who figured among the invited guests.

A New Zealander. The Marchioness of Anglesey, whose brother was married a day or two later, was much interested in the Rhodes-Plunket wedding, and the happy couple went to Beau Desert for their honeymoon. The wedding was very military and very Irish. The Ladies Blackwood, the Dudleys, the Guinneses, the Iveaghs, and the Sligos were represented; and the news that Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton would probably attend was enough to put the whole Guards' Chapel congregation on the *qui vive*. Captain Rhodes is both a Guardsman and a New Zealander—and if there is a more gallant title than that last, excuse me!

In the China Shops.

Lady Northcliffe has accepted a position on one of the sub-committees of the Christie sale, and will, for the next month, be found in the china and furniture department. That is to say, she will help to rope in contributions in that class, will advise in sorting and cataloguing, and probably find that she has a certain amount of rejection to do as well as a great deal of accepting. Lady Northcliffe has long been known to have the *flair* for serendipity in the world of curiosities: on motor journeys with her husband hers has always been the eye that singled out the likely shelf in the likely shop in the likely village. Lord Northcliffe's own particular genius was for the road; he has only to pass through some obscure Continental hamlet at sixty miles an hour to know all about it for the rest of his life, and certainly no collecting lady was ever before furnished with so useful a chauffeur. He takes the right turning, and she takes the right crock.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT
WILFRID NEWBURY MURCH:
MISS PHYLLIS MONICA FISHER.

Miss Fisher is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Fisher, of Rathgar, Sutton, Surrey. Lieutenant Murch is in the 11th London Regiment.

Photograph by Lafayette.

RED - CROSS AIDES: AMBULANCE AND HOSPITAL WORKERS.



1. DRIVING A MOTOR-AMBULANCE AT THE FRONT: MISS MARJORIE LEAN.

2. A MAKER OF HOSPITAL REQUISITES, AND WORKING FOR THE Y.M.C.A.: LADY BLOIS.

3. DRIVING A RED CROSS AMBULANCE-CAR IN FRANCE: MISS DAPHNE DE BELABRE.

Miss Marjorie Lean, who is the daughter of Colonel Lean, late of the Bengal Cavalry, is doing a man's work on the Western front, driving a motor-ambulance. She is a member of the First-Aid Nursing Yeomanry.—Lady Blois, who is the wife of Sir Ralph Barrett Macnaghten Blois, ninth Baronet, is a daughter of the late Colonel Edmund Hegan Kennard. She has been making hospital requisites, at Lady Fitz-

william's house in Grosvenor Square, and is now going to help her sister, Lady Ponsonby, at the new Y.M.C.A. hut in Grosvenor Gardens.—Miss Daphne de Belabre, who is driving an ambulance-car in France for the Red Cross, is the daughter of the Baron de Belabre, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a great-grand-daughter of Admiral Sir John West, G.C.B.—[Photographs by Vul l'Estrange, Lafayette, and Bacon and Sons.]

PRESSED!



H.M. BATEMAN

1915

FAME!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

AT THE WEDDING OF LORD GRANBY AND MISS TENNANT.



THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, PRIME MINISTER.



MR. AND MRS. BONHAM-CARTER.



MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



LADY JANE COMBE AND MISS GLADYS COMBE.



HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.



THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF ARRAN AND LADY WINIFRED GORE.

The extremely interesting and important wedding of the Marquess of Granby, heir to the Duke of Rutland, to Miss Kathleen Tennant, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tennant, of Innes House, Elgin, and niece of Lord Glenconner, which took place at St. Margaret's Church, on Thursday last week, drew together a notable congregation, for both the bride and the bridegroom are immensely popular with an exceptionally large

circle of distinguished friends. Our photographs show: Mr. Asquith, who is a brother-in-law of Lord Glenconner; Mr. and Mrs. Bonham-Carter, the Prime Minister's daughter and her husband; Mrs. Winston Churchill; Lady Jane Combe, aunt of the Marquess Conyngham, with her daughter, Miss Gladys Combe; the beautiful Duchess of Rutland, mother of the bridegroom; the Dowager Countess of Arran; and Lady Winifred Gore.

Photographs by L.N.A., Alfieri, News Illustrations, Topical, and Illustrations Bureau.



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That's the cry of the men at the Front, of the men of our mighty Fleets, and of the convalescents from both Services. They want music — wherever they go.

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Illustrated Folder and name of nearest agent free on application to the Manufacturers — THE DULCEPHONE CO., 32, WORSHIP STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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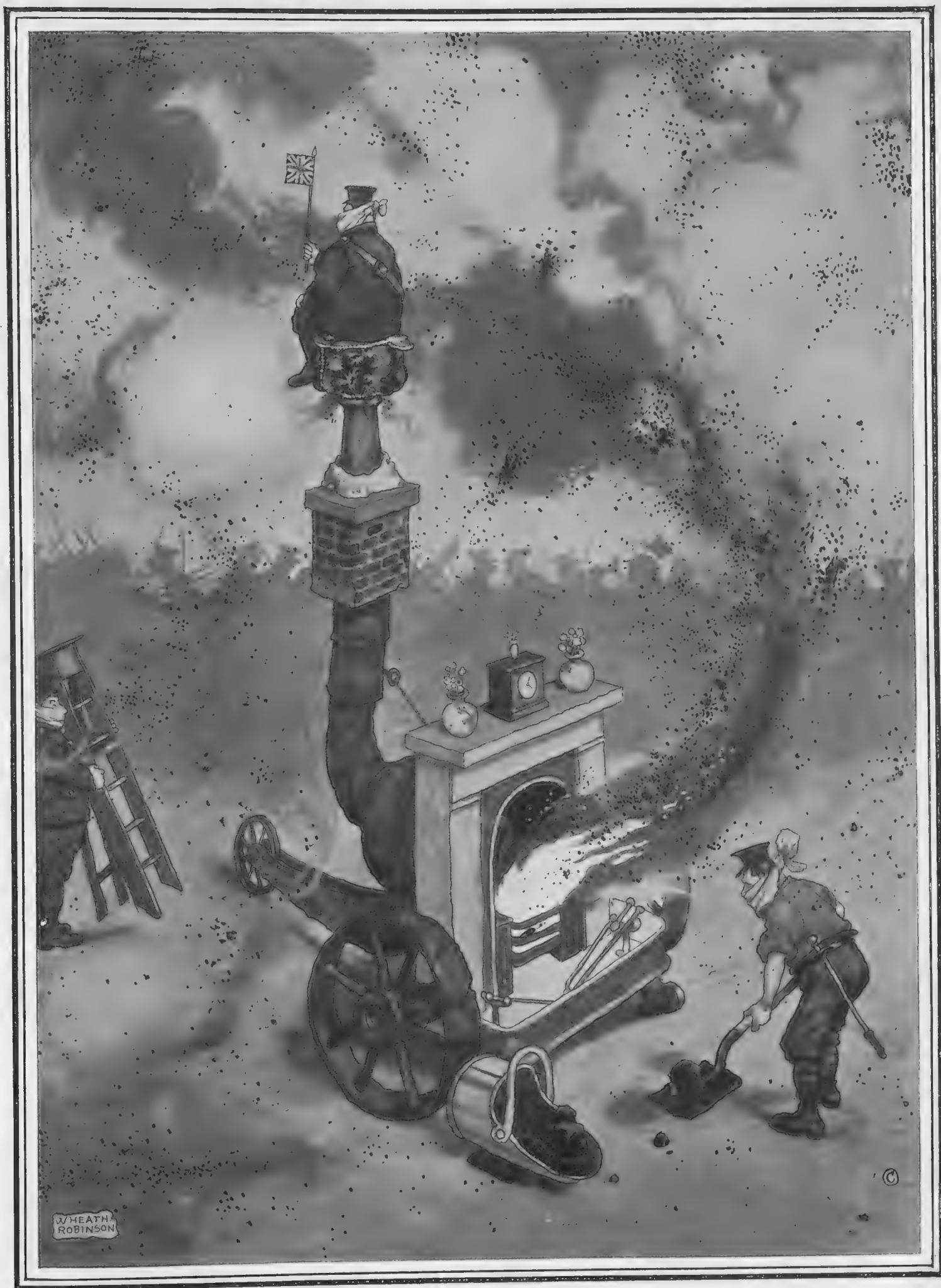
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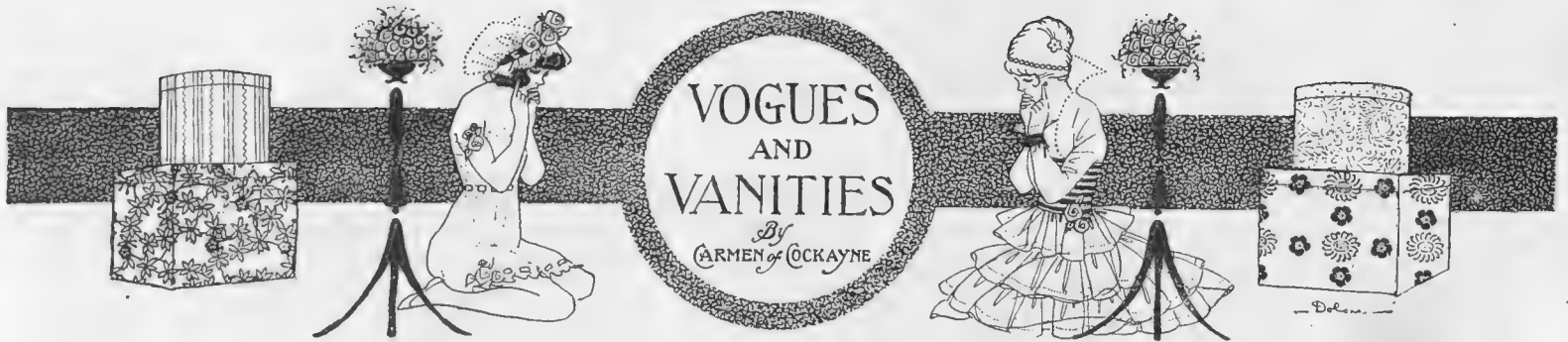
Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can also be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining & Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose & Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Rejected by the Inventions Board.



X—THE SOOT-CLOUD SUPPLIER FOR MASKING THE MOVEMENT OF TROOPS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHT IN U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



New Ideas for the Home.

Lady Day, the great season of migration and spring cleaning, is not many weeks distant, and the thoughts of housewives are lightly turning towards new fashions in curtains, or centring on plans of campaign for the annual domestic upheaval which the comic artist, at least, never seems to find monotonous. It would take more than the war to upset that truly British institution, "Spring Cleaning"; and as for home-decor- which every spring sees holder of taste can afford notwithstanding, great activity prevails amongst those who provide wall-papers, curtains, fabrics for loose covers, and all the hundred-and-one things which go towards the making of the house beautiful.

Living Colour.

The last few years have brought about a revolution in the art of house-decoration. Two or three decades ago the woman who set out to have her house re-painted and re-papered would have wavered between a "blue" or "green" or "pink" room in which half-a-dozen shades of the colour selected would have been employed. Things are very different now that the tendency of modern art as applied to home-decoration runs in the direction of strong colours and plenty of them. The Cubists and Futurists and other "ists," though their work suggested a serious derangement of the æsthetic sense, did at least inaugurate a new standard of colour-values, the possibilities of which the decorative artist was quick to realise. His predecessor of twenty years ago wanted harmony, and achieved it by utilising a single colour in a more or less anæmic gradation of shades. Your modern artist is out for harmony too, though his methods may seem rather startling. He cheerfully includes deep, rich tones of black, indigo, red, yellow, puce, purple, and green in his colour-scheme designed for the room of 1916. But the result is not the crude mass of conflicting colour that the average person might expect, but a real concord. The difference between the old idea and the new may be expressed in a simple metaphor. The artist of yesterday aimed at producing a sleeping beauty. The artist of to-day tries at—and he succeeds in—producing true harmony; but it is vital, energetic, wide-awake, and stirring, so to speak.

The Draught-Board Carpet.

In the prevailing love for colour, white paint, generally considered an indispensable item in every room, has been almost completely ousted by gold or black. Carpets, forsaking familiar conventional designs, incline to a draught-board pattern, which may be black or white, or in any two colours the taste of the owner or the requirements of the room may dictate. If they are not in squares, they are speckled or else entirely black, for the black carpet, though not a novelty, still has numerous admirers. Ceiling-papers, too, display a progressive tendency, and at their newest they show a brave if mottled front to the world. Their backgrounds of grey, green, blue, black, or orange colour are curiously flecked with gold, with here and there an apparently irresponsible dash of colour harmonising or contrasting with the chosen shade. In use, these papers produce a misty effect and give an appearance of height to the rooms they decorate. Wall-papers, too, show a tendency to depart from floral, landscape, and

figure designs, and are seen in all sorts of new and unexpected patterns. In a characteristically modern scheme the deep, rich black surface of the wall-paper was broken by a succession of golden stripes of varying widths and arranged in differing combinations, so that repetition was entirely avoided. A chequered ceiling-paper in two tones of gold, a black carpet, and "old gold" velvet curtains were other features. Deep-orange velvet shot with black—or, alternatively, striped with it—provided the material for upholstery, and a multitude of cushions supplied an air of generous comfort and a series of definite colour-notes at one and the same time. The cushion, by the way, as Dolores shows on this page, is an item in room-decoration the importance of which cannot be too strongly emphasised.



No corner without a cushion, and here are several showing the newest ideas on the subject. Black French knots cement the union between yellow and white satin ribbon pictured on the right. "Hoops" of black hold the centre cushion of orange velvet in a close embrace. It has gold-coloured tassels. Fruit, flowers, and swansdown play their part in others. The light that shines on beauty is veiled in cream silk decorated with bars of black and gold, and gold bullion tassels.

No Compulsion.

It must not be imagined, however, that the housewife is forced to be "modern" against her will. Broadly speaking, there are three kinds of people for whose taste in household adornment provision must be made. Those who prefer antiques, and yearn to possess the furniture of our ancestors; those who incline to a judicious mixture of modern comfort with a classical background; and those who are frankly modern in their ideas, and demand the latest that fashion can produce—all will find their wants amply provided for at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's, in Oxford Street, where the latest ideas in home-decoration can always be studied. Those whose tastes lie outside these three styles will find at the same house plenty of non-committal styles and designs from which to make a choice.

IT CAN'T BE DONE.



ALBERT: Ridiculous idea, this 'ere 'avin' a meal wiv every drink. Wy, nobody can't digest two or three 'undred meals a day!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

The Sporting Touch. * BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE Sub was occupying the world with his voice. From his mouth was proceeding in level and baffling tones one of those bright, human stories that are meant to be chatty, but always, somehow, manage to be interminable. Because it was the Sub, the merry anecdote was all about a horse, a mare with a name something like that of a newly advertised soup-tablet, that had or had not won a race in the Haymarket. (the Captain thought that perhaps this was wrong, but there was certainly a "market" in the Sub's vocal noise); and, in consequence of it all, the essential portion of someone's underclothing had entered into an alien wardrobe. The Captain was a genial fellow with a lovely soul, but he could not help wondering—not very violently, for he was both anxious and fatigued—if the Sub was not possessed of a devil—a devil nurtured on "Form at a Glint," and known to its intimate demons as "Odds-on." He could not hate the Sub passionately, because, when he was not very tired, he was being very wide-awake; but dimly and religiously he did have a feeling that great happiness would come to him if an angel from heaven descended with swiftness to wring the young fellow's neck. An angel from heaven it would have to be, for he knew enough to realise that nothing less than that would stop a racing anecdote when its blood was up.

In this he was a little wrong. When they reached the danger-zone the Sub stopped. It may have been, of course, that the anecdote had ended; but the Captain could not believe that, and for the first time in his military career he knew to be true what the wise men had always preached—that is, that death and danger are really the friends of man.

They got out of the car by the last picket, and the Captain asked the Lieutenant in the rather blemishless uniform the usual questions. He obtained the reply he had come to look for, but it was expressed in a certain eagerness.

"No, we've not seen any—not a *pickel-häube* even. Are they expected to be hereabouts? Do you think they'll come our way?"

The Captain was too tired to smile, but he gazed cynically at the earnest young man who wanted to see Germans. He thought that there were none so eager to meet the enemy as those who had not already done it, and he felt inclined to be haughty at the fact that the Lieutenant and his men were part of the reinforcements whirled up to take the strain off the armies that had been fighting so savagely and cruelly for days. Mere raw, unblooded louts, that's what they were. Then he remembered that if he had not been so anxious and so tired he would be feeling exactly the same, and he unbent in amiability.

"That's what has to be found out," he said. "If they find you, you'll know quick enough. If we find them . . . you know what to do."

The Lieutenant in the spotless and shining garb knew exactly what to do. He knew it better than he knew the Doxology. He showed them that he knew very well. In spite of the perfect restraint of his creases, the Captain liked him.

"We may come back in a hurry—one of us, anyhow. You are ready for that?" The Lieutenant was delightfully ready. "Or we may not come back at all, and you must be prepared for signals." He detailed the signals which would tell the picket, by a scale of revolver-shots, the strength of the enemy's force detaining the Captain and the Sub. The Lieutenant ate it all, beaming. Oh, quite a good lad. "Well, we'll get along," said the Captain. "You seem all right. . . . You've doubled the posts, I suppose—I'd send up another man or so to each."

"That's done," said the Lieutenant crisply. "I've risked an extra advance post, too—you should find it about four hundred yards on. Hope they don't pip you. The men are a bit raw, like me."

"Not very raw," said the Captain. He began to walk along the road. He preferred the modest incognito of the field and the hedge, but he had to get past that advance picket without bloodshed. The Sub made a face. He seemed to drag as he followed. In spite of his sustaining anecdotes, he was probably tired of the endless business also.

"Seems unnecessary," he protested. "All these advance johnnies about, and still nothin' doing. Seems another blank, to me."

He was a bit fed up with blanks. They had spent a hectic day looking for the enemy's main force, and had found only blanks. He had come to believe that only blanks existed. The enemy weren't over there, somewhere over there, beyond the furthest picket, as the local brass-hat thought they were. The only thing that was there was a blank. No enemy, only a blank. He walked a little way after the Captain, with a dreary step. Then he stopped.

"Oh, I say," he called back to the perfect Lieutenant; "you're just out. Know who won the Pondmarket Stakes, or who was up?"

The perfect Lieutenant called back the cabalistic formula of the cult. The Sub brightened.

"Thanks, old thing," he replied. "You're a most refreshing soul." He came on almost briskly.

"Y'y know," he said to the Captain when he drew level, "that's really swizzing. Had a pony myself on ——" The name he spoke sounded like a gas-mantle. The Captain had an overwrought vision of a strenuous gas-mantle bearing the burden of a pony with fortitude and calm. Of course, he knew it wasn't a gas-mantle, but a horse, and he had solved the mystery of a "pony" years ago; but the whole thing was slightly insane. Out here, looking for Germans in this haystack of a country, and expecting immediate and violent death to arrive with their knowledge, the thing was ludicrous to folly. The fellow was a monomaniac: he had carried his mania to the wild abortion of degeneracy. It had taken all the mind out of him. He could only think of one thing; he could only use his faculties along one line and in one manner. What was the use of him out here in this place where the life and death of armies depended upon concentration of mind, quickness of wit, singleness of intention? The fool could give his attention to nothing else but his obsession, concentrate upon nothing else but his fuddled visions of sport. They had sent him to look for danger and death with a poor, mentally deficient thing that could only look for the pedigrees of horses. They had asked him to find the German Army with a creature only capable of finding out the odds. This was the sort of thing that made the Captain sick of life. Of course, he was anxious and

tired, but why should this incubus be added to the burden of his trouble?

He walked along the road rather fretfully. He had had a fretful day. He, too, was fed up with blanks, quite as much as he was fed up with the conversation and the soul of the Sub. At other times he would have known the Sub to be human, now he knew nothing was human, everything was tiresome. They had spent the day so fruitlessly. They?—many other parties, also; but all of the tedium seemed to be centred in themselves—they had filled the hours of light looking for the Germans and not finding them. Expert opinion said that the Germans were somewhere beyond, hidden in this big country, and expert opinion also insisted that the Germans



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[Continued overleaf.]

REPLACEMENT OF WAR-WORN KITS. By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE complaints of Officers regarding the injustice of having to renew their kits, worn out in the trenches or on war service, at their own expense, has been recently ventilated in the *Daily Graphic*.

My opinion on the subject has been asked, and I am strongly of the mind that the Government should make Officers a renewal allowance after one year's service. Britain has now a huge standing Army, and it is only natural that many of our young Officers can ill afford to replenish clothes worn out in the service of their

country. I make the suggestion, therefore, that an annual kit allowance of, say, £30, should be granted towards renewals. Roughly, this would cost the country about £250,000 per month—an infinitesimal amount in comparison with the cost of the war—and a far more necessary and worthy cause than many on which money is being lavished.

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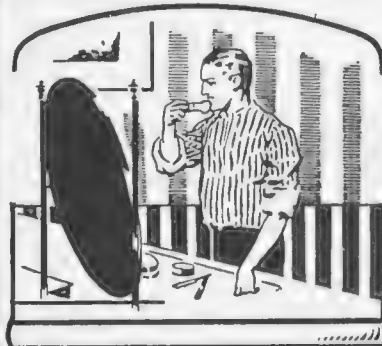


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should be found. It was vital, for it was the chance of victory or defeat. Since morning they had been feeling and probing for Germans. Creeping through the country, crawling over the fields, sneaking through the woods, they had expended all their energies trying to discover Germans, or even traces of Germans. They had felt all along their allotted line of front with extraordinary care and delicacy, so that they were certain they had not missed an inch. But they had found not a German. Not a sign, not a *pickel-haube* had they seen. Either the Germans were not along the front as the experts imagined them to be, or else they were too well hidden for the scouts to nose the battalions out. After the close weariness of their search, the Captain was inclined to agree with the Sub. The country was a blank. There were no Germans.

The men of the advance-picket seemed to emphasise this dreary fact. The men of the advance-picket were well hidden, and they did their halting with steel alone, for the Lieutenant had taught them well. A bayonet was removed to a less suspicious proximity, and the holder made the inevitable reply.

"Nuthin' to report, Sir." While a weary voice said from the cover of the trees. "Not th' shadder of a sausage." The Captain renewed his instructions as to signals. And again they went on.

They were more circumspect now. They were in that large vacuum—a motionless, voiceless, lifeless land, which any man can know by its feel—that runs like a great river between the hostile lines. They knew the terrors of the vacuum. Out of its voiceless starkness an abrupt and unheralded destruction might strike at them during any moment. They must go now, knowing this, screening and covering themselves at every turn so that the death that strikes as quickly as it sees should see them not. So, by hedge and spinney, and with map and compass they wormed their discreet route forward. When they reached thick hedges, or the fringes of a spinney, they clung tightly and for some time to their ground, raking and sieving the country beyond them with their eyes for the slightest indications of a hostile force. The hedge or the spinney might be the end of life as well as the end of their search. In the new sweep of country they might see the enemy; to enter that new sweep might be to show themselves to the enemy.

But there was nothing. Always the same, there was nothing. It was an amiable country, full of small woods, very green, neatly peaceful, and thoroughly empty. In the evening light, when everything was at its brightest with a glowing and luminous definition, the serene and usual countryside might have been the work of a conscientious and determined Royal Academician, so inanimate and set was it in its prettiness. Even the high wind that had made flying work impossible seemed to be no more than movement of air rigidly delineated by a conscious colourist. The sheer vacancy of the scene was overpowering.

They looked at it from under some trees that crowned a small rise, and they were convinced.

"Blank," said the Sub with gloomy decision. "Always blank."

The Captain was concentrated on the landscape.

"Can you make out what it is moving, down by the centre copse?" he said.

"Oh, my lord," murmured the Sub. And he snatched at the country through his glasses.

"There it is, against the birches." The Captain was quicker in training and attention. Suddenly he was not tired. A piston of excitement was working in him. The Sub gazed steadily.

"Horsès," said the Sub. Curious that it should be horses, the Captain reflected, for, of course, he had only asked to confirm his own finding. "Two horses, no more," finished the Sub.

But they still examined the field and the copse avidly. They plumbed every inch of the ground, and the country about it.

The Sub spoke first.

"No," he said slowly. "Nothing more."

The Captain did not have to agree. He nodded. His head jerked to the right.

"That line of hedge will be best. We can work right up to them that way."

The Sub followed him gently as he led.

They worked along the hedge slowly, and very carefully. It was good cover, for the hedge was deep and overhanging, and they had the shadow with them. They paused frequently, using their glasses well. They could not take the emptiness of the country on trust. They had seen that the horses were without saddles, but not hobbled. That would show them not to be cavalry mounts—but you never knew. If there were horses there, there might be men. And the men might be waiting for them.

They progressed steadily. There was no sign or movement. As they came nearer, the field by the birches went out of view and the horses with it. They went on more cautiously. They had their revolvers handy, and they were prickingly alert. The hedge bent round a little to join the hedge that bordered the field of the horses. Here they were down on their hands and knees, hugging the slightest cover with an instinct that was genius. When they came immediately under the hedge they saw that it was terribly thin, and they remained there for, it seemed, an eternal space, gazing up at it, noting how feeble would be its immunity once they rose to look through it. As they waited they heard the soft "clopping" of

hoofs, as one of the horses ran a little in the field. And then they heard the cropping of both animals. It was as silent as that.

The Captain found a good place, and was the first to look into the field. He could see the whole field empty, save for the two horses, and he could see through the trees of the copse, for it was small and thin, and the country behind that was empty also. He used his glasses steadily and with level care, but he could find nothing else. Two horses only in an empty country, that was all.

He turned, with a gesture brought up the Sub from the strategic and correct position for swift retreat he had taken up.

"Not much in this," he said. "We've yet to find something that matters."

He joined, as he thought, the Sub in another extensive examination of the countryside. It is easy to overlook things. But when he put down his glasses after a gaze of complete unsuccess, he saw that the Sub, true to his instinct, had merely watched the horses. That was irritating. He said sharply, "Well, we've done nothing at all—we've found nothing."

The Sub was still looking at the horses. One of them moved, trotting a little. That seemed to fill the Sub with a holy satisfaction. He leaned forward, looked hard, and turned to the Captain with shining eyes.

"My heavens," he cried, "Eclaircir II.!"

The Captain was angry.

"Yes; your heaven would be Eclaircir II.—with a pony on it each way, probably. But is this the moment to discuss your private theology? We are here, you see, to find out——"

"Oh, I say, halt that for a minute," urged the Sub. "And look here, this is a find, you know. That horse there is Eclaircir II.—a top-hole racehorse, you know."

"I could rise to that," said the Captain bitterly.

"Oh well, you know, it is a find. It is a first-string French horse, you know. Won the Oaks a year ago—I saw it. Such a movement. Couldn't forget it. Recognised the old beauty at once."

"G.H.Q. will be immensely pleased to know that, if we didn't find the enemy, we were at least able to indulge in the very best kind of racing reminiscence—with working examples," mentioned the Captain.

"Well, that's rather savage," said the Sub. "But if you were a better listener you'd see what I was trying to tell you. I'm trying to tell you that we now know where the Germans are."

"Thank you," said the Captain. "Who will cross-examine the horse—you or me?" But he really wasn't as collected as that. He was really taken aback. The Sub did not attempt to defend himself—his case was too good.

"A French horse, you see, from a French stable. The Germans are now at that stable—or very near it."

The Captain blinked at him. The Captain had never been a fool. He had suddenly become convinced beyond sarcasm.

"Where is that stable?"

"Bareilly. I looked it up when we were going over the map this morning. I knew it was old Claudien's training establishment, so it interested me. Claudien owns Eclaircir II." He had his map out, and both were examining it. "There you are, two kilometres away—a little more, in fact." He pored over the map. "Yes, and the map helps us. You can put your gaberdine on it, the Germans are there."

The Captain was all excitement.

"I'll put a pony on it if it's true. How do you work it out?"

"Well, the horses are there. That means, if you know old Claudien, who's as slow and cautious as they are made, that they have been got away to escape capture. They've been brought away in a hurry, too: no horse-cloths, you see, no means of sheltering them, and all that, so they had to be evacuated quick, for if the Germans caught a glimpse of them they would never have got free. Another thing, they are valuable, blood horses, both of 'em, and they are left without attendants or guard. That might mean that the Germans were far away, and old Claudien thought them safe. But that doesn't fit in. You don't leave good horses about like that. But see, it does fit in with the flight on the run business. The horses have been brought away, and left here for the moment while some sort of stabling is found for them—or, what is more likely, while old Claudien finds a way through our lines that will evade the requisitioning touch. That's it, I think. He's had to get them away quick, because the Germans are arriving; he's left them here for a brace of shakes well outside our lines, while he fixes things up. But the main thing is they are here; that means Bareilly was impossible for them. And the only thing to make things impossible at Bareilly would be Germans. That means Bareilly is German, now."

The Captain was very excited, but he was quiet with it now.

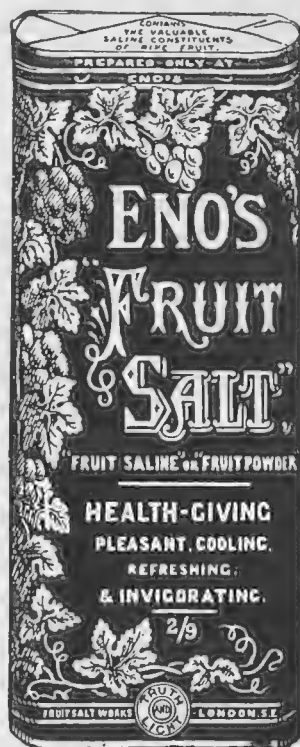
"It fits in—remarkably. Here's the track they would have taken from Bareilly, see. It comes out beyond the copse. And the copse is between the horses and Bareilly—screening them. Yes, it fits in."

He got up. "You can tell me the longest sporting anecdote you know," he said cheerfully. "Come along. We must get this to G.H.Q."

The patrols found the first of the German vedettes half a kilometre this side of Bareilly when they went out to find them that night. The sporting touch had solved the riddle.

THE END.

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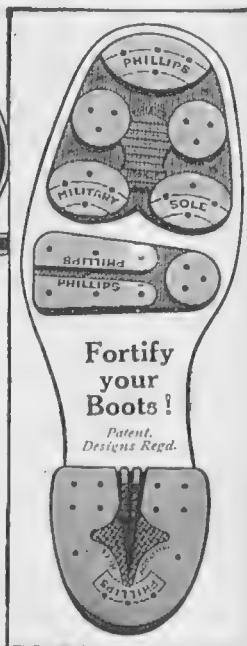
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HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Joint General Managers: J. M. MADDERS, S. B. MURRAY, F. HYDE, E. W. WOOLLEY.

Secretary: E. J. MORRIS.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, 31 December, 1915.

	£	s.	d.
To Capital Paid up, viz.:			
£2 10s. 0d. per Share on 1,912,317 Shares of £12 each...	4,780,792	10	0
.. Reserve Fund ...	4,000,000	0	0
.. Dividend payable on 1st February, 1916 ...	360,352	4	8
.. Balance of Profit and Loss Account ...	113,597	15	2
	9,254,742	9	10
.. Current, Deposit and other Accounts ...	147,750,702	0	6
.. Acceptances on Account of Customers ...	9,157,601	11	9

£166,163,046 2 1

	£	s.	d.
By Cash in hand (including Gold Coin £7,000,000) and Cash at Bank of England ...	30,881,200	14	6
.. Money at Call and at Short Notice and Stock Exchange Loans ...	8,651,257	17	9
.. Investments:			
War Loans, at cost (of which £1,490,000 is lodged for Public and other Accounts) and other British Government Securities ...	33,946,384	8	2
Stocks Guaranteed by the British Government, India Stocks, Indian Railway Guaranteed Stocks and Debentures ...	481,040	5	8
British Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks ...	2,400,295	19	9
Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks and Bonds ...	962,062	7	6
Sundry Investments ...	1,039,650	15	7
.. Bills of Exchange ...	9,961,545	13	9
	88,323,438	2	8
.. Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security and other Accounts ...	65,921,541	11	9
.. Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances as per contra ...	9,157,601	11	9
.. Bank Premises, at Head Office and Branches ...	2,760,464	15	11
	£166,163,046	2	1

EDWARD H. HOLDEN, CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR.
W. G. BRADSHAW, DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN.

F. D. DOCKER,
GUY FLEETWOOD WILSON, } DIRECTORS.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:—We have examined the above balance-sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Bills of Exchange, and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

LONDON, 10th January, 1916.

WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS, Auditors.

JEWELLERS



SILVERSMITHS

TO H.M. THE KING

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED 'THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE LTD (A.B. SAVORY & SONS)

(Established 1751)



Toilet Services.

THIS toilet service is of plain solid silver. Its substantial weight and low price is indicative of the high quality and value always obtaining at The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company. A monogram or initial can be engraved upon any article at small extra cost.

Hair Brush ...	£1 6 6	Pin Tray	£0 16 0
Hat & Clothes Brush, each	0 14 6	Box	1 16 6
Hand Mirror ...	2 15 0	Comb ...	0 16 0
Brush Tray ...	5 0 0	Powder Box	2 7 6
Comb ..	1 12 6	Scent Bottle	1 3 6

There are many toilet services in a wide range of prices from which to make selection. An Illustrated Catalogue will be sent free on application.

Only One Address. No Branches.

112, Regent St., London, W.

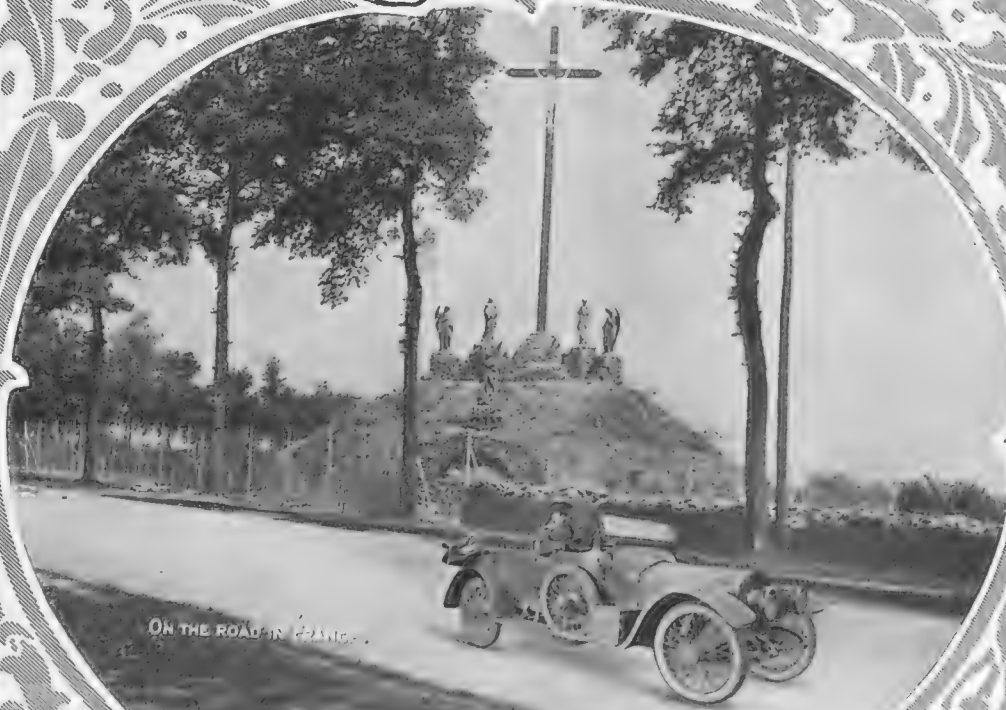
WOLSELEY

On War Service

THE WOLSELEY WORKS are employed to their utmost capacity in many important directions in connection with the supply of munitions to the British and Allied Governments.

We are compelled, therefore, to place private orders on a waiting list, which will receive our usual careful attention, and be executed in rotation as soon as we are in a position to resume deliveries.

WOLSELEY MOTORS, LTD.
Proprietors: Vickers, Limited,
Adderley Park, Birmingham.



ON THE ROAD IN FRANCE.

WOMAN'S WAYS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Scot versus Norman.

Everybody "over there" tells me that the Scottish regiments and the French population are on the best of all possible terms—that founded on mutual respect. Neither, it seems, can get the better of the other in financial transactions, the French farmer's wife being quite as eager to make a sou as Alexander and Donald are to save it. For English Tommy the *fermière* and shopkeeper have a contemptuous affection; he never haggles, and thus does away at one swoop with one of the chief objects of existence—or, at any rate, of its pleasures. British Tommy merely explains, in good English, three times over, what he wants, on which Madame utters piercing shrieks of laughter and provides it. He pays what she asks, and thereby loses for ever her secret esteem. Not so Alexander, the kilted one. The two gaze at each other with that peculiar, Masonic glance which betrays the sense of thrift, of the capacity to conduct commerce. Their mutual transaction may take a long time, but each emerges from the interview a chastened but a firmer ally.

Dancing on a Volcano.

Where are the dancers of yester-year, and what has become of the epidemic of dancing which had spread all over Europe and America up to the night before the outbreak of war? Is there something peculiar to human nature which makes people dance with frenzy on the edge of a seething volcano? One looks back now with a sense of amazement to the last London balls of 1914. They will be as memorable as the Duchess of Richmond's entertainment before the Battle of Waterloo, only that the revellers in Brussels knew what was before them, while the Londoner expected nothing more exciting to happen than Goodwood or the possible winning of a yacht-race by Kaiser Wilhelm at Cowes. Yet an Alphonse Daudet, with a sense of impending tragedy and the faculty for seeing below the surface, could paint a curious picture of some of those nights before the world-catastrophe. I remember one ball at a well-known house, where a number of foreign "dips" were present. It was a very hot night, and the house was purposely left dimly lit, with masses of flowers everywhere, and balconies on which a great, cool, silver moon gazed tranquilly. The company was young and gay, and they danced with frenzy, with exaltation, to strange—almost sinister—music straight from America. The band played exotic instruments, vaguely recalling the music of savage African tribes, and occasionally they joined with their voices in the tumult of sound, the whole effect, as the night wore on, being singularly disquieting. I was told that this was the latest fashion in New York, and I can well believe it, the Americans being a people perpetually in search of new sensations.

The New English Word.

It may be said that the German language has so far proved the most popular foreign tongue among our troops, inasmuch as the word "strafe" is now in universal employ, and applied, with joyous disregard to appropriateness, to all and sundry circumstances of life. The Boches, indeed, would be amazed if they knew to what use had been put the "Gott strafe England" of their postcards and chocolate-boxes of the earlier phase of the war. They meant it to act like the pins in the waxwork man of the Middle Ages; with Hate, worked to order, they thought to destroy. But to cheerful Tommy and his officers they merely provided a first-class jest and a word which has become a part of our language. And thus do the best intentions go astray.

ELLA HEPPORTH DIXON.

From East to West.

and so remarkably strain of his march



A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN AT THE FRONT :
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

The famous Academician whose work has so long adorned the walls of Burlington House has just gone to the Front, for special duties. He has recently passed from the United Arts Rifles Volunteer Force to the Regular Army.

Photograph by Russell.

morning to the west coast of England and sought out the British Navy. With a thousand bombs fifty full hits were made. Explosions completed the work of destruction. Almost at the same time a gigantic fleet of submarines broke into the British naval harbour and completed the work."

The Fighting in England.

The storming of England began when "for eight days new giant Krupp guns had felt their way over to Dover and Folkestone, and had destroyed everything living on the South Coast of England." Then the Germans landed. We put up a fight—the author is gracious enough to admit that probability—but, note, we were not strong, although we had "assembled a respectable number of foreign battalions and coloured people from all parts of the world" to give battle for us! Nothing availed all that; and in due time "the battle of the North Downs"—with Hindenburg at Brighton, his headquarters—was over, the path to London free. Then the Zeppelins bombed the city.

Hindenburg Entering London.

The entry into London was via London Bridge. The conqueror rode between Ludendorff and Count Zeppelin. The Tower was rubbish and ashes, the Arsenal a heap of sweepings. St. Paul's was safe, of course—dare a German harm a cathedral! The Mansion House stands, the Lord Mayor having surrendered the keys. The great scene took place in St. James's Park: "Round Buckingham Palace the troops erect their tents." As a final touch: "In the evening Hindenburg orders the great bell of Big Ben, the tower clock of Saint Stephen's, to be rung."—What a fine lot of delikatesen must have gone to the making of that dream!

"Hindenburg's March Into London": Being a Translation from the German Original Edited, with a Preface, by L. G. Redmond-Howard. (John Long; 2s. 6d. net.)



A NEW PICTURE OF A POPULAR ACTRESS :
MISS MILLIE SIM.

Miss Millie Sim, who made such a palpable hit in the original production of "More," the unconventional and smart revue at the Ambassadors', is a daughter of Miss Millie Hylton, and a niece of Mr. George Grossmith.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The Safe and Sure Treatment

for tired, lined eyes, imperfect contours, unhealthy complexions, double chins, &c., is the

GANESH.

The wonderful Ganesh Treatments and Preparations are genuine aids to Natural Beauty.

GANESH EASTERN OIL will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and is nearer to the natural oil of the skin than any other preparation ever invented. From 5/6

Red, Broken Veins, Marks on the Face, absolutely removed in a few seconds without pain and leaving no mark.

ADVICE FREE.
Write for Free Booklet.

ELECTROLYSIS

permanently removes superfluous Hair. "DARA" is the reliable home treatment for Ladies who cannot call.



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(Oxford St. End),
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ESTABLISHMENT

STORMPROOFS

"All wearers of waterproofs know that though a garment may keep out a certain amount of rain, wet penetrates after some time. Elvery's Stormproofs are guaranteed absolutely waterproof against the heaviest possible rains. Such a coat as this, made to stand any amount of wear, is now provided with a detachable waistbelt. It is a good coat, worthy of the careful consideration of officers in all arms of the Service and, by the way, is the ideal waterproof for motor work."

"Worn in conjunction is a fine Camel Hair Fleece detachable lining, so constructed that it can also be used as a kind of dressing-gown or 'over-wrap' for extra chilly nights—practically a 'three-in-one' garment."—*Extract Land & Water.*

Price 3 Gns. With Riding Apron, 14/6 extra.

Detachable Fleece Linings, 2 Gns.

Long Rubber "Thigh" Boots, with Nailed Leather Soles (Non-slipping) 45/-
Tan Rubber Knee Boots 25/-

Elverys are replete with all Waterproof Kit at fixed moderate prices.

Established 1850.

Elvery's Waterproof Specialists,

31, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.
(One door from New Bond St.)

And at ELEPHANT HOUSE, DUBLIN and CORK.



SMART BUT USEFUL KNITTED COATS

During the coming Season garments of a thoroughly practical character will undoubtedly be in great demand, both for indoor and outdoor wear. We have therefore designed a large number of Knitted Coats in Silk, pure Cashmere, Imitation Silks, Stockinette, etc., all of which are both useful and becoming and can be worn for all manner of occasions.

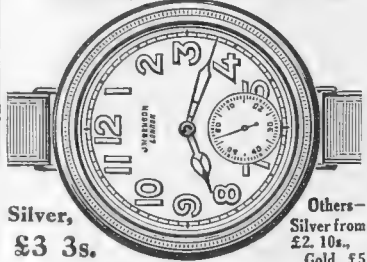
The Model sketched is our own exclusive design, and is made of rich silk stockinette.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century
for Taste for Quality for Value

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J. W. BENSON'S
LUMINOUS
'ACTIVE SERVICE' WATCH
VISIBLE AT NIGHT.



Silver, £3 3s. Others—Silver from £2 10s., Gold, £5

Fine quality Lever movement, in strong Silver SCREW Case. Dust and Damp Proof. WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.
New fully Illustrated List of Wristlet Watches, Rings, Jewels, &c., free.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

Try a COLMAN'S MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

THE HAIR, TEETH & SKIN

Preserved and Beautified by using Rowland's Toilet Articles.



ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

The best Preserver of the Hair; it is the best tonic and dressing for ladies' hair, and should always be used for children. Also sold in golden colour for fair and golden-haired ladies and children. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

is the finest dentifrice; removes all impurities from the teeth, imparts to them a brilliant polish, prevents and arrests decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. 2/9.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

Allays all irritability of the skin, removes redness, roughness, &c., cures and heals all cutaneous eruptions, imparts a softness and whiteness to the neck, hands, and arms, unattainable by any other means. Sizes, 2/3 and 4/6.

Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

Tuckey's PURE MALT Whisky

A WHISKY—like a cigar—will not suit every taste. It is

therefore a matter of selection to find the kind that suits you best. Most probably you will ultimately decide on Tuckey's Special Scotch Whisky—for Tuckey's has rapidly become a favourite.

As the *Lancet* says:—"It is well adapted for dietetic purposes owing to its purity and quality."

Tuckey's Special Scotch Whisky is guaranteed 10 years' old, and the Liqueur 12 years old. Both are made from the finest Scotch Barley in the Highlands, and in a "Pot Still."

The price of the Special ten years' old Whisky is 48/- per dozen bottles, and the twelve years' old Liqueur 51/- per dozen bottles. Packing, Case, and Carriage free.

Sample Bottles Post Free. Special, 4/6 Liqueur, 5/-

Special Terms for Export.

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Balham High Road, London, S.W.

"SPRING." By Desportes. Folio Size, unmounted, at 2/-.



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Dominion Wedding.

It was a case of "Advance, New Zealand," at the wedding of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Rhodes at the Guards' Chapel last week: a New Zealand bridegroom, a bride whose father had been Governor-General there for six years, a train-bearer—the Hon. Kiwa Plunket—born there; a bride who loves the land where she spent a happy girlhood, and a number of convalescent wounded New Zealand soldiers, as honoured guests, driven up in motor-vans from the hospital at Walton-on-Thames by two girls in khaki, with "New Zealand" on their shoulder-straps. A happier bride and bridegroom, to judge by appearances, I never saw; and the wedding was a bright and, pretty one, despite war time. The bride's grandmother, Harriot Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, was present; she is the most decorated lady, not royal, in this country, and she deserves it.

Making the Best of Ourselves.

In the stress of these days, the worry and the waiting, womankind must think upon making the best of herself as one of the chief duties of her sex. While working for the country, it does not do to forget to look after the hands and face, and keep the charms of British complexions paramount, as they have ever been. The use of Pomeroy skin-food and Pomeroy day-cream will do wonders, if it is kept up consistently. The first nourishes the sebaceous glands, and strengthens the skin to repulse the attacks of its enemies; also it is a splendid cleansing preparation. It should be used at night, and a 1s. 6d. jar lasts quite a long time. The day-cream is fragrant and non-greasy, and makes a good basis for powder; it costs 2s. 6d. the vase. Hands are being more roughly used now than ever before by women of the usually leisured classes. Pomeroy's Safada (a liquid), at 1s. 6d. the bottle, and Pomeroy Safada cream (a jelly-like substance), in 1s. tubes, will keep them soft, smooth, and white. These preparations, like good wine, need no more bush than the fact that they come from the celebrated firm of complexion and toilet specialists whose treatment-rooms at 29, Old Bond Street, W., are so well and favourably known.

Not at All What We Expect.

A rector of a country parish being temporarily incapacitated, a resident asked his gardener—who had been to church—who had taken the service. "I didn't know the gentleman by sight, but he comes from somewhere down below," was the answer. For a second the employer was utterly nonplussed, for, if any type of man hails from that address, the least likely is a parson. Then the local habit of speaking of everything Londonwards as "up above" and everything in the other direction as "down below" came to his mind, and he gravely told the gardener to go and ask the parson to lunch. He came, and his host told him where he was supposed to have hailed from. "Well," he said, "I might have captured the chief enemy, for I saw on a placard the other day 'Is the Kaiser Satan?'"

Making a Man of Him.

A considerable amount of apparent manhood has degenerated so much during our peaceful and luxurious years that it resembles now harmless but ineffectual elderly ladyhood. A village dude who attested under Lord Derby's group system; and was too late in deciding to do anything to obtain a commission, has now to face training as a Tommy. He is by way of preparing for being called up by trench-digging with the "Old and Bold," as the National Guard are affectionately called. Immense amusement was caused

by his first appearance in a trench in a long macintosh and gloves. He then proceeded to take about a quarter of a spadeful at a time to a barrow at some distance. "Pull up the barrow near you," shouted a non-com., who in civil life is a tiller of the soil. The barrow was wheeled up, and the gloved trencher proceeded for a time to place small portions of mother earth methodically therein. By dinner-time it was nearly full—half-a-dozen barrow-loads was the least the other men had done. At dinner-time the embryo Tommy disappeared. A route march was the order for another afternoon, and this hero fell out, telling his officer he had to go out to tea. I wonder how long it will take to make a man of him? One of his officers says, "It's a sair job!"

Go Ahead.

Now's the time to keep going, to set your teeth and say you won't be done. If you have hesitated about making your pension, consulting-room, office, or shop cheery and comfortable, do not hesitate longer. The gas company will send you round an expert to tell you the most effective and economical way to do it, and whoever comes in will think and say, "Well, that's cheery, these war times." Warmth and light are jolly good things, and we all go where they are.

A Topping Tippet.

A cavalry Colonel home on short leave has amazed his wife by taking an enormous and most unwonted interest in her clothes. "That's a topping tippet you've got on." It was one of the latest things—a close-fitting cape of white cloth, with high collar edged with dark, soft sable, and there was an elegant little hat to match. Moved to curiosity by this interest in her clothes, she asked him why. "If you saw nothing but khaki and mud for six months, you'd take notice when you saw nice things." And she thought she would!



A VERY SHORT EVENING-FROCK WITH A TRAIN.

A pretty toilette of bright, pastel blue; the fichu and train being of Ninon, with pink flowers embroidered thereon. The sleeves and underskirt are of flesh-pink Ninon.

The first volume of Mr. Everard Wyrall's history of the war, "Europe in Arms" (Bertram Wright), carries the record of events down to Von Kluck's advance on Paris before the battle of the Marne. Events in all the spheres of operations, both on land and sea, are described in chronological order. The narrative is concisely and very clearly told, and is based on official despatches, communiqués, and eye-witnesses' accounts. The political situation at the end of July leading up to the breaking out of hostilities is succinctly and informingly dealt with, and much useful information is given of the armaments of the belligerent Powers. The volume has many illustrations, photographs, portraits, and plans.

At a time when Europe is in the throes of an upheaval even vaster than the French Revolution, it is interesting to read the experiences of a woman who knew, and painted, many of the leading figures of the earlier catastrophe. The story of

Marie Antoinette's favourite painter is well told in Mr. W. H. Helm's book, "Vigée-Lebrun (1755-1842): Her Life, Works, and Friendships" (Hutchinson; 21s. net). To the modern reader, the social side of Mme. Lebrun's career is probably more attractive than her art, but in this handsome volume full justice is done to both. She knew almost everybody worth knowing in her day, not only in France, but in England, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Austria, and Germany; and her untiring industry as a portrait-painter made her circle of acquaintances most extensive. The book is full of personalities, gossip, and anecdote, and contains also a *catalogue raisonné* of her numerous works. The illustrations are examples of Mme. Lebrun's art.

THE UNION OF LONDON & SMITHS BANK

LIMITED.

(ESTABLISHED 1839).

Authorised Capital, £25,000,000.
Subscribed Capital, £22,934,100.

Paid-up Capital, £3,554,785 10s.
Reserve Fund, £1,150,000 0s.

NUMBER OF PROPRIETORS—UPWARDS OF 10,500.

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The Bank has several branches in London and the Suburbs, and Branches or Agents in all the principal Cities and Towns in the United Kingdom, and Correspondents throughout the world.

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The Officers and Clerks connected with the Bank are required, to sign a Declaration of Secrecy as to the transactions of any of its customers.

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NOTE.—In pursuance of the Treasury Regulations, it is hereby stated that no liability attaches to the Consolidated Fund of the British Government in respect of any act or omission of the Bank.

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tanned leather, soft
bellows tongue, leather
lined throughout, and
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all that material and
skill can provide against
the severe strain it is
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to focus attention on
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for which see window
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special Service cata-
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more extensive stock
of war-tested footwear
than that Manfield's
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ATTRACTIVE PEDAL
HAT for wearing with Suits,
trimmed with straw tab and
buttons, and bound with ribbon
to tone. In black, navy, nigger,
wine, and corn 30/-

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& FREEBODY

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Square, London, W.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

SOLVING THE "MIXED" LABOUR PROBLEM: A CHAUFFEUR'S GALLANTRY: PETROL!

"The Dilution of Labour."

If only we could get at the exact proportion of things, how much happier we should feel about the war! One of the vital issues for the moment, for example, is the "dilution of labour" by the employment of women, and the extent to which certain trade unionists, despite all promises, still show a hostile spirit towards encroachments on their preserves. As the matter is being taken in hand by the Government, however, there is no need to enlarge upon the subject here; but I may just mention in passing two welcome instances of harmonious and patriotic working, of the mixed kind, which have come under my notice. The first relates to one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the Midlands. Happening to run across the manager a day or two ago, I asked him whether he had experienced any difficulty in the matter of the employment of women, and his answer, agreeably enough, was in the negative; but the significance of the case lies in the fact that not only has the normal work of this great establishment in the past been essentially of the skilled kind, but its present war work, on a gigantic scale, is also in every branch of the highest technical quality. The other example to the point I was able to witness with my own eyes. In a well-known factory I not only saw women turning out hand-grenades at the rate of fifty thousand a week, but even in the machine-shop women were working side by side with the men, and the manager informed me that no opposition whatever to their presence had been raised.

A Chauffeur's Gallantry.

In another field of labour, too, I have so far heard no complaints as to the employment of women, and that is in respect of the driving of motor vehicles. The experiences of one lady of my acquaintance, indeed, have been nothing if not charming, so far as the attitude of the men is concerned. Owing to the dearth of chauffeurs, she took on the by no means easy task of driving a big six-cylinder car for an M.P., and matters were hardly made easier by the fact that it is fitted with a limousine body. The male chauffeurs, however, at the garage where the car is kept have from the first been courteous itself, and took an early opportunity of assuring the lady how much they admired her for her courage, and that they would do anything they could to help her; but, not being of the lackadaisical type, she does all the rough work with her own hands, even to the extent of washing the car. It was in this connection that one of the chauffeurs displayed his gallantry in an amusing but praiseworthy manner. The lady was, of course, getting her feet and skirts thoroughly wet at her first attempts at hosing, and the man in question was pained at the sight and wished to lend her his

yard-boots. In the endeavour to explain to her that, in the circumstances, it was quite *convenable* for a lady to discard her ordinary attire, he declared that to don the high boots was not considered at all "disrespectful." Accepting this view, she put on these cumbersome but protective articles, and has now acquired a pair of her own.



MOTORISTS AND THE REVISED LIGHTING REGULATIONS: A CHAUFFEUR WITH THE NEW A.A. DISCS FOR HIS LAMPS.

In compliance with the new lighting regulations, which require the lamps of vehicles to be largely obscured, the Automobile Association has provided special discs to fit inside the lamps of motor-cars.

Photograph by News Illustrations Co.

The Alleged Petrol Shortage.

It is in no way surprising to find that the largest distributing company has disclaimed any difficulty in the supply of petrol; but, meanwhile, another company had apparently alarmed the daily papers just because its own commodity happened to come from the East. One swallow does not make a summer, nor does one particular firm represent the whole market; consequently, it was absurd for the Press to make such sweeping statements about the "shortage of supplies," and to talk about the suppression of private motoring accordingly. The Army is all right both as regards petrol and tyres—indeed, were it otherwise, the civilian would speedily be notified, for the War Office takes whatever it wants at any time. Meanwhile, the notion that the use of a motor-car is, *ipso facto*, an extravagance, irrespective of the purposes to which it may be applied, is as indefensible as ever. In this connection the *Light Car* scores a point by contrasting one form of "spirit" with another, and remarks that "a family may, all included, spend ten shillings a week on spirit in bottles, to the detriment of health and purse; but let the money be expended on spirit in two-gallon cans, to the great advantage of health and no more detriment to the pocket, the spender is suspect of all and held up as a fit person on whom a lecture on economy may be bestowed with profit."

A Sign of Lord Rosebery's

depicted, some years ago, the day when the Derby would be competed for on Epsom racecourse by motor-cars instead of horses. That time has not yet arrived, but a very remarkable sight may nevertheless be witnessed at Kempton Park. It is crowded with Army motor-vans and lorries, which even overflow into the side-roads. I have had occasion to pass the course several times of late—to my sorrow, I regret to state, for the effect of the heavy traffic on the road between Hampton and Sunbury has been appalling. For several miles one does not drive, but bumps at slow speed from hollow to hollow. It suggests that the road was imperfectly constructed at the outset, as other thoroughfares which the same vehicles travel over are in reasonably



A NOVELTY IN WINTER SPORT IN NORWAY: MOTOR-CYCLE SLEIGHING AT CHRISTIANIA.

A new form of winter sport is a combination of motor-cycling and sleighing. The photograph, taken recently at Christiania, shows an Enfield motor-cycle and side-car fitted with a sleigh attachment.

Photograph by News Illustrations Co.

good condition. Had the crust been differently laid down at the outset, matters might never have reached their present deplorable condition.

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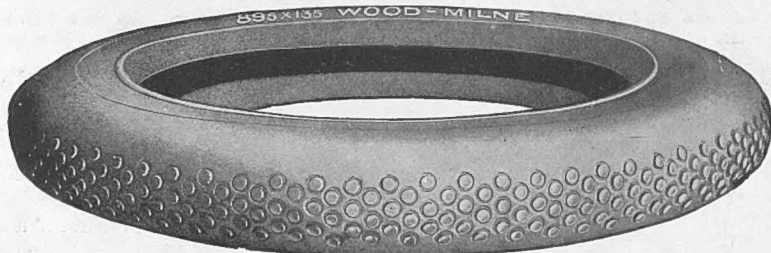
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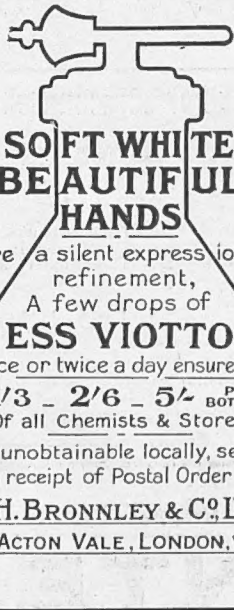
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

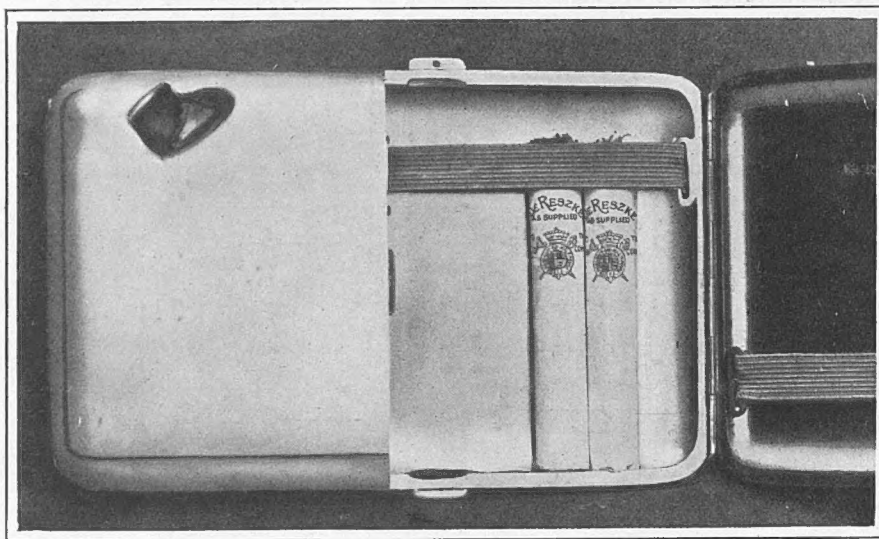
IN the first programme of its seventeenth season the Stage Society has not exactly found a winner, though the chief item is suitable for production by a body of this kind, naturally anxious to give a chance to a clever play off the beaten track, even if it seems crude in form. "Judith," the one-act work, seemed rather a puzzling choice, for Mr. Sturge Moore's treatment of the Apocryphal story of the murder of Holofernes is quite conventional and of little dramatic force. Indeed, as the very unlovable heroine, even Miss Lillah McCarthy was not able to do anything very effective, though, thanks to the designs of Mr. Charles Ricketts, she was the central note of some beautiful pictures. "So Early in the Morning"—a title which will remind old birds of a Christy Minstrel song, once immensely popular—has some witty dialogue and some effective scenes; but the author, Mr. V. Langbridge, has little command of the stage: he manœuvres his characters with difficulty, his piece makes progress without development, and the dénouement of the main intrigue might just as well have happened in the first as in the last quarter-of-an-hour of the play, since nothing that happens in between tends to bring it about. Yet after all this has been said—and something more might be added—the important fact remains that the play was not dull, which is far more than can be said in favour of hundreds of better constructed pieces; consequently, one may welcome the author as a recruit of value, and respectfully suggest that there is much for him to learn in the art of construction that will assist him in exhibiting his originality. On the whole, the

performance was not quite up to Stage Society standard. Two Irish players, Miss Mary O'Farrell and Mr. Basil Sydney, were altogether excellent, and Mr. Ernest Bodkin quietly humorous; there was, however, no little theatricality in the work of Miss Darragh and Mr. George Bealby in the most important characters—indisputable cleverness, but also the over-elaboration, the slowness and self-consciousness generally banished from the performances of the Society.

Apparently Mr. Layton's clever, amusing play, "The Parish Pump," has "caught on" at the Duke of York's, so a new *lever de rideau* has been chosen to go with it in the form of a farce by Mr. Walter Mathews. Rather curious

how few of our plays have dealt with questions arising out of the popular mania for picture-palaces, which certainly has wrought ruin in many families. The pictures, by the way, will in the long run destroy the stage; and yet many of our players and some of our dramatists, reckless of the future, are playing into their hands. Harry Burch, the hero of "The Pictures," had just as strong views as I, and strong language as well, and no wonder, since he had real grievances, yet he fell as heavily as a pound of lead when the cinema people offered quite a substantial sum of money for permission to take pictures of his house as a

study of The Ideal Home. Perhaps I am jealous because no such offer has been made to me—for obvious reasons; anyhow, the play has a number of funny lines in it, and is quite amusing. Mr. Charles Groves gives an exceedingly comic performance in the part of the man whose principles are so unstable; and Mrs. A. B. Tapping represented his wife amusingly.



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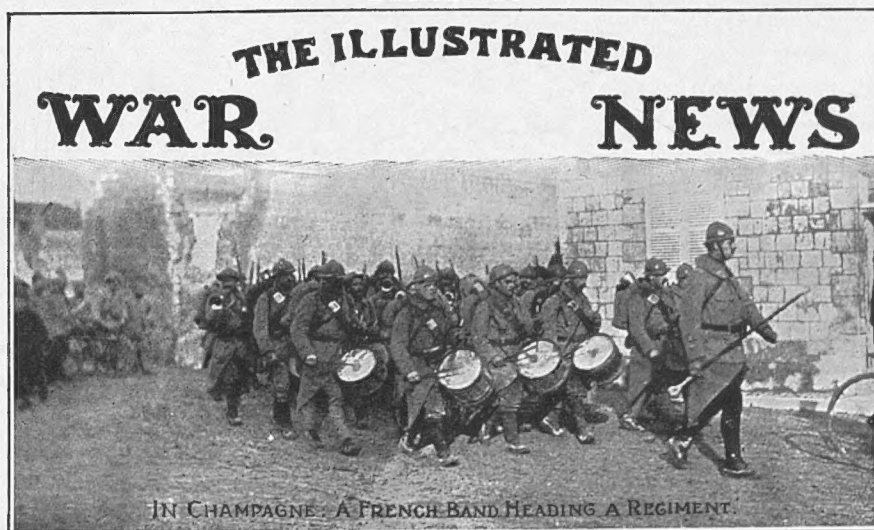
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